



VOX
FLUMINIS
1950

RELIANCE
GRAIN CO.
LIMITED



919 GRAIN EXCHANGE
WINNIPEG



VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

WINNIPEG, CANADA



To Miss J. M. Carter

who through her kindness, consideration, and interest has won a place in the hearts of us all, this 1950 edition of *Vox Fluminis* is lovingly dedicated.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Staff Supervisor	MISS I. DICKSON
Editor	DIANE JOHNSON
Business Manager	MARY HOPE McINNIS
Literary Editor	ANN FOX
Photography and Humor	DONNA PATERSON
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JANET BLEEKS, BARBARA PARLIAMENT, DOLORES PALMATIER, DIANE CALDER, NORA ANN RICHARDS, DIANA MORTON,	
ROOM REPRESENTATIVES	
Grade VII and VIII	JUDY SPENCE
Grade IX	BETTY MAY ORMISTON
Grade X	ANN FOX
Grade XI	SANDRA McNAMARA

EDITORIAL

ANOTHER school year is rapidly drawing to a close and *Vox Fluminis* for 1950 has, in the terms of the newspaper world, been put to bed. Your Editorial Staff is happy over the accomplishment and we wish to express our sincere thanks to all those who, through their kind co-operation, have made this publication possible.

Our special thanks go to the business firms of Winnipeg and to our anonymous friends for their continued support which, as in the past, was generous.

This has been an eventful year and unforeseen conditions have brought about many changes. What suited our needs of yesterday often fails to satisfy the needs of the tomorrow and, in order to keep abreast of the times, changes have had to be made. We of Riverbend are face to face with just such a circumstance. Changing conditions have brought about the necessity of amalgamation with our sister school "Rupertersland," and at the end of this school year these two schools will unit to become the largest Protestant Girls' School west of the Great Lakes.

We have every reason to believe that the consolidation of these two great schools will be of mutual benefit to us all, and we invite you to bring to the needs and aspirations of our new school an understanding — a fresh discovery — of the contribution it will make to you, your children, your community and your country.

Being editor of the 1950 edition of *Vox Fluminis* has been a wonderful experience and I would like to say "Thank you" to the staff advisers for their guidance and advice, and to my colleagues for their loyal support.

To those who succeed us in the publishing of the new school magazine, we extend our best wishes and leave with you the task of sending out into the world the spirit of everything for which our new school stands.

Principal's Letter

My Dear Girls:

This is the last letter I shall write to you Riverbenders. In the Fall the new school will be an accomplished fact. The amalgamation of Rupert's Land and Riverbend will bring to life what I am sure will be a strong school which will embody the loyalties and traditions of both schools. In order that the change over may be made without friction, everyone must pull together, to build the best possible school.

I want to thank my staff, past and present, and my girls, past and present, for their loyalty and co-operation to me in the sixteen years I have been in Riverbend. They have been happy years; and I am sure there are many happy years ahead for the new school.

With best wishes for your happiness and continued success and love from

Yours affectionately,

J May Carter



OUR HEAD GIRL

CECILY Ann Gunn has efficiently filled the position entrusted to her for the year 1949-50 as Head Girl of our School. She has been a student here since 1939 and in that time has been a loyal supporter of all school activities.

Cecily Ann gave ample proof of all executive ability last year as secretary of Garry Hall, and we have been proud to have her represent us.

Her ambition is to receive her Bachelor of Arts. We want you to know, Cecily, that the best wishes of all of us go with you.

OUR SPORTS CAPTAIN

CLEMENTINE McNern, our capable Sports Captain for the year 1949-50 began her Riverbend career in the spring of 1941. Last year she proved her able qualities as sports captain of York Hall and has continued her active work in another successful year of sports at Riverbend.

Clem, besides being a good student, has also been very active in field sports, basketball, volley ball, swimming, badminton, and apparatus during her school life.

Next year she hopes to take her Senior Matriculation at United College, and then her Bachelor of Physical and Health Education at Toronto University.

We, at Riverbend, wish Clem every success for the future — we know she will not fail us.





THE STAFF

Back Row—Miss Hepworth, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Wellwood, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Blundell, Mrs. Low, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Bevis.

Centre Row—Mrs. Elliot, Miss Halldorson, Miss Shepley, Miss Carter (principal), Mrs. McEwan, Miss Arnold, Mrs. Parker.

Front Row—Miss Voorheis, Miss Dickson, Miss McCrimmon, Miss Nakauchi.

GRADE XI CLASS NOTES

BARBARA DRYBROUGH

Eaton's Junior Council Representative . . . Last seen . . . tearing down the hall . . . Probable destiny . . . Nurse . . . in Edmonton.

DIANE JOHNSON

Our tall, dark, and busy as a bee "Year Book Editor" . . . Last seen . . . Fixing that stove . . . Ambition . . . Research Chemist.

MARILYN MAY

Noted for rolling those big brown eyes . . . Favourite cartoon . . . Tom and Jerry . . . Last seen . . . driving her Dad to school . . . Probable destiny . . . a world-wide traveller.

CLAIRE ANDERSON

A twin . . . with glamorous hair . . . Favorite interest . . . Lambie pie (her panda bear)

Probable destiny . . . Merchandising.

RUTH ANDERSON

The other twin . . . warm hearted Ruth . . . the all round girl . . . Last seen . . . studying at 4.30 a.m. before exams . . . Probable destiny . . . Physical therapist.

SANDRA McNAMARA

Our Irish colleen . . . with the "outstanding" handwriting and a heart of gold . . . Last seen . . . studying Algebra (?) Probable destiny . . . Missionary.

MARGARET LOUGHEED

Small, quiet, rosy-cheeked pianist . . . Last seen . . . Practising . . . Probable destiny . . . A concert pianist.

HELEN HARVEY

The model girl from the model town . . . (Terrace Bay, Ont.). Last seen . . . reading books in English classes . . . Pet expression . . . "Close the window, Clem."

JUNE YOUNG

Envied for her natural colouring . . . Last seen . . . reading those letters . . . Probable destiny . . . Druggist.

ROBERTA SCRASE

Vivacious Douglas Hall Sports Captain . . . Last seen . . . smoking a pipe . . . Noted for . . . Those terrific volleyball serves.

AUDREY HANBERG

Our tall blonde . . . hails from Miami — (Manitoba that is) . . . Noted for her humor . . . Ambition . . . to put on weight.

THE PREFECTS



BARBARA DRYBROUGH
MARILYN MAY

CLAIRE ANDERSON
RUTH ANDERSON



Diane Johnson

1950



Margaret Lougheed



Helen Harvey



June Young



Roberta Scrase



Audrey Hanberg

Graduates



Sandra McNamara

HEAD GIRL'S FAREWELL

... To Riverbend

THIS year, in view of the impending changes in our school, is unique in regard to any farewell message. It is indeed difficult to put in words our feelings at this time.

Riverbend will always remain in our memories as the school whose twenty-year-old traditions have become part of our lives. The river has provided a name both for our school and our magazine. It has contributed largely to the beauty of our surroundings and has been the background of our work and play. Throughout the years it has been evident to all Riverbenders that the aim of their school has been, not only the acquisition of knowledge but also the building of character. To them, too, it has meant a place to acquire fond friendships, and to have fun, as well as to develop their various abilities and to learn to work in co-operation with each other.

To Miss Carter we owe our sincere gratitude. She has helped guide us through the years; she has helped fashion our characters into what they

are today; she has given us loyal support and always encouraged us to strive ahead. Miss Carter has been a second mother to us all. She has never failed us, and has won the deep and unbroken affection of her pupils. The only words which convey to her our feelings are a very appreciative Thank You. To the staff who we hope one day may be proud of its students, we wish more happiness and more success in return for their unhesitating helpfulness and their faithfulness to us.

In the hands of the girls of Riverbend has rested the real and important part of the school—its splendid spirit. They have achieved a high scholastic standard and as graduates have added prestige to the name Riverbend.

Though a chapter seems to be closing in the life of Riverbend, we wish for its dual successor prosperity and happiness as it travels on, ever emphasizing those qualities of scholarship, courtesy and loyalty for which a good school always stands.

CECILY ANN GUNN.

THE PREFECT'S WILL

WE, the Prefects of Riverbend for the year 1949-1950, hereby draw up our last Will and Testament and do bequeath the following to whom it may concern:

1. To ALL THE STUDENTS we leave our sense of loyalty and our pride for Riverbend on condition that future pupils will keep expanding this trait.
2. TO MISS CARTER we leave our headaches, our problems, and also our love and respect.
3. TO THE PREFECTS we leave noisy lunch lines, an untidy milk and biscuit room, the pound full of books, bells not rung, and benches not set up, with the hope that you will enjoy these duties as much as we have!
4. WE LEAVE FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE:
 - A. Barb's friendliness and her love of history.
 - B. Cec's enthusiasm and her knack of being late successfully.
 - C. Claire's humorous manner and her jumpin' tooth.
 - D. Clem's ability in sports and her "walk."
 - E. Ruth's faithfulness and barber-shop qualities!
 - F. Marilyn's witty sarcasm and her assortment of nicknames.
5. TO GRADE XI CLASS ROOM WE BEQUEATH:
 - A. Claire's giant-sized pencil which makes Miss Shepley sea-sick.
 - B. Wide open windows for Miss Carter.
 - C. Mrs. McEwen's history atlas which we were very tempted to snitch!
 - D. Our latest love comics for Miss Dickson.
 - E. A "full" classroom for Miss Halldorson.
 - F. A sixty minute period for Miss Hepworth! (We're not going to be here)
 - G. Our dirty running shoes and unzipped shorts for Miss McCrimmon.
 - H. Our unfinished garments for Mrs. Wilson.

*Signed, published and declared by the above named testatrices as
their last Will and Testament.*

PREFECTS, 1949-1950.

CLASS NOTES

GRADE VII

HERE we Grade VII's are struggling with our class notes for the year book. It's the very day the notes are supposed to be handed in. We've five minutes more to go — and we don't know what to say. Perhaps we'd better tell you that the class president is Georgia Brown. She is always trying to get out of detention, complaining about a tickle in her throat, rushing for a drink of water, and drawing cartoons. She has an assistant — Carol MacAulay, who is always having a music lesson in Miss Dickson's study period and who can be seen most mornings fly into school at 9.01 because her father didn't get down in time for breakfast. Perhaps we should send Mr. MacAulay to detention instead of Carol!

We also have a secretary-treasurer, Audrey Stubbs, who never quite gets a straight part in her hair, who cried and sneezed beautifully at Tompkins in our play, Dotheboy's Hall, and who blushes beet red when spoken to.

The twins, Nancy B. and Gail B. aren't really related except in their marvellous skill in "Spelling." It seems they always get nothing out of ten. Oh, yes, they enjoyed the "Musical Festival" because they could look at all the cute boys in the choir. Gail can be found going T.C.A. (I wonder what that means?). If anyone wants to find Nancy, just either look in the gym or in Hygiene class.

We have a girl who comes and goes — Georgiena Steele. We regret that Georgiena has been away from us so long on account of sickness.

Now here is a brief word from our dear teacher, Miss Halldorson: "Je vous aime toutes mais, je sortirai d'ici la première en juin."

GRADE VIII

MURIEL EDMONDS

Favorite expression—Holy cow.
Pastime—Taking Liz's pulse.
Ambition—Nurse.
Pet peeve—Science.
Last seen — Coming out of McKnights.

MAVIS GOSSLING

Favorite expression—Aw Joey.
Pastime—Winter Club.
Ambition—To pass in spelling.
Pet peeve—Doing fish flops.
Last seen—Doing fish flops.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON

Favorite expression—My gosh!
Pastime—Singing.
Ambition—Photographer.
Pet peeve—Muriel.
Last seen—At Glee Club.

JOANNE MEYER

Favorite expression—Oh Land.
Pastime—Plowing through snow.
Ambition—To drive a snow plow.
Pet peeve — Walking (she'd rather plow).
Last seen—Academy and Stafford.

SHIRLEY PROWSE

Favorite expression—Oh, no!
Pastime—Riding up and down elevators.
Ambition—To work in a post office.
Pet peeve—School.
Last seen—Drinking cokes at McKnights.

NORA RICHARDS

Favorite expression — I nearly had kittens, I really did.
Pastime—Borrowing car tickets.
Ambition—Hobo.
Pet peeve—Brothers.
Last seen—Fishing.

EVE RILEY

Favorite expression—I can't.
Pastime—Cleaning up ink.
Ambition—To own race horses.
Pet peeve—Maths.
Last seen—At Polo Park race course.

JUDY SPENCE

Favorite expression—Aw, come on, you kids!
Pastime—Tumbling.
Ambition — To learn to do neck-springs.
Pet peeve—Neck-springs.
Last seen—Doing neck-springs.

DIANE WHITE

Favorite expression—Uh!!!
Pastime—Sleeping.
Ambition—To wake up.
Pet peeve—Waking up.
Last seen—Waiting for a drive to school.

MISS DICKSON

Favorite expression—Who's got the candy?
Pastime—Opening windows.
Ambition—To have a perfect Grade VIII class.
Last seen—Eating Shirley's candy.



GRADE IX

8.01—Dolores, our early bird, arrives.
8.20—Sue, D.A. and Carolyn stagger in. Sue, awakened from forty winks, mechanically starts French homework.
8.30-8.45—Most of the class drifts in and goes to the back of the room to catch up on the latest gossip.
8.45—Mrs. McEwen enters the classroom.
8.50—Bet-May comes tearing into classroom, slides into her desk and starts Science homework.
8.55—First bell goes; talking continues.
9.00—Second bell—class lines up.
9.01—Anne and Marg zip into the room, drop books, grab hymn books, and follow the class out of the door.

9.02—There is a little trouble on the stairs as Marg's shoes are not on properly.

9.10—Gail and Carolyn are having the usual morning argument about who is on the door.

9.12 - 10.10—Literature period. Miss Dickson stamps into the room with the hope of everybody standing at attention. As usual Sandy is showing off her stack of movie pictures, Marianne is taking off her shoes. Miss Dickson yells "Sit down" and scares us all out of a year's growth.

10.10-10.30—History period—Mrs. McEwen bustles in and immediately lessons begin. As Gail is exactly 29 pages behind in notes, the rest of the class gets half the period for study while she catches up.

10.30-10.40—Recess! Everybody scurries down for milk and biscuits. Anne comes up to the classroom with one hand over her pocket covering the cookies and eats them in a corner when no one is looking.

10.45—Class starts changing for gym. Carol is tearing around looking for a pin.

10.49—Dulcie Ann and Gail race up to the gym to see who can be first.

10.51—The rest of the class sleepily wanders up to the gym to start half-heartedly on strenuous exercises.

11.15—While poor Miss McCrimmon tries, in vain, to explain something to us, Marianne and Dulcie Ann are down at the other end of the gym shooting for baskets.

11.21—Miss McCrimmon eventually consents to let us play basketball with Jane on the floor getting baskets by the minute.

11.25—The gym period ends with the Irish Jig. Most of the class would be clueless if it weren't for Joan in front to copy from. No wonder she get a housepoint!

- 11.26—Carolyn starts to leave for lunch, but is caught in time and is brought back for the last period.
- 11.30—Miss Hepworth patiently waits for us to change back to our tunics.
- 11.35—We are all changed, but we left our books in our lockers and we have to get them. Poor Miss Hepworth!
- 11.58—Sandy softly announces the time and everybody begins to put their books away.
- 12.00—Everybody tears from the room and dashes down the stairs to eat a hearty lunch.



GRADE X CLASS NOTES

The Grade X Proposition

Given—A north, northwest corner of Riverbend School fifteen unknown angels (could they mean angles?).

Required—To foretell their futures. Proof.

MARIE BARIBEAULT

Statements—

Teaching innocent little cherub at Pickle Crow.

Reason—The hope chest is still empty.

JANET BLEEKS

Still in the Home Ec. lab.

Reason—She can't tear herself away from the garbage.

DIANE CALDER

Steering the Assiniboia.

Reason—"Ken" she do it.

ANN FOX

Isolated on an island in Pass Lake.

Reason—No forest fires.

HELEN GRANT

Still suffering from palpitation.

Reason—Wearing hour-aches.

MARY HOPE McINNIS

Recommending Vic's VapoRub for Rollie's "payne."

Reason—Killing two birds with one stone.

DIANA MORTON

Still standing.

Reason—Penicillin shots!

ANNIE LOU ORMISTON

O my "Akin" back.

Reason—O'Riley.

BARBARA PARLIAMENT

Still stumbling around.

Reason—Too high heels.

DONNA PATTERSON

Using her M.D. to practice on two nuts.

Reason—Helen and Marie are still boarding.

PAT RILEY

Skiping around full of breath.

Reason—Hockey season not yet over.

CATHY ROBERTSON

Still looking for class notes.

Reason—Original ones not found yet.

PAT SIGURDSON

Still parked in the middle of Academy Road.

Reason—No gas.

CARLA STEWART

Last seen pursued by a Model "T."

Reason—Wow.

MISS HEPWORTH

Cuts her meat with a yellow knife.

Reason—No grand forks.



RED HOUSE NOTES

ALTHOUGH the Red House girls are few in number this year, we have managed to keep up the Red House spirit. In years to come we will all look back and remember with pleasure our room-mates, and all the good times we had together.

Will we ever forget those parties in the blue room — chocolate puffs and beds full of crumbs. All our parties were successful but we always had too much food.

We appreciate Mrs. Reid's interest in the Red House girls this year and we were fortunate to have her as our

house mother the two weeks prior to Christmas holidays. After Christmas Miss Parker took over her job of keeping us on the straight and narrow path, and pulling Roberta out of bed in time for breakfast.

The big event of the year which turned the Red House into the usual turmoil was the formal. The conversational topics were—dresses, accessories, flowers, and last but not least dates. Carla Ann and Audrey kept their dates in suspense until the last moment. The gowns were as varied as the men.

The most popular man of the day, excluding Alex, is the postman, who is met daily at the gate. Margaret seems to carry on the strangest correspondence. One of her letters commenced with, quote, "Hello you old alley cat," unquote.

Our business girl, Betty Ann, is one jump ahead of the rest of us; that's not a piece of glass sparkling on her left hand. We all wish her the best of luck. We'll be envying her in a nice sunny office while we struggle with June exams.

This year the country is well represented. Helen hails from Terrace Bay, Ontario. We wonder how Helen will get home in June with her large collection of shoes. A newcomer to our clan this year, Helen soon became one of us. The other two beds in Helen's room are occupied by June and Roberta. June is our quiet blond from Griswold, Manitoba. An ardent Brandon fan is June, who is envied for her neatness. Roberta, from Dauphin, is full of fun and always has a ready laugh. It's a good job Bert's gramophone is beside her bed, for she goes to sleep and wakes up to the strains of Fats Waller's "Two Sleepy People."

Carla Ann and Audrey occupy the room across the hall. We'll always remember their prized possessions — khaki jackets with namesakes on the back. We mustn't forget Carla's mouse and Audrey's yearnings for waist-

length hair (we like it just the way it is, Audrey). Their theme song could rightly be, "Yorkton, Here We Come."

The room with the many doors belongs to Betty Ann, Claire and Ruth. Claire and Ruth are the twins from Melville and to utter a word against their home town would prove to be fatal. Although this is a bedroom it could be called a barber shop for here many Red House locks have fallen. We wonder where Ruth learned the art of hair cutting. Claire's interests lie in the field of clothes and she can usually be seen sewing on a garment. We were all relieved when the last stitch was put into her formal just in time for the dance. Margaret lives alone on the top floor. Marg comes from Pine Falls and her most cherished possession is her Chopin record album.

Many of us will be gone next year, but to those who remain and to those who take our place, we leave the good times always associated with the Red House.

RUTH ANDERSON.



WHITE HOUSE NOTES

ELIZABETH ECHOLS

Nickname—Lizzie.

Ultimate fate—Piano player.

Song—Down South American Way.

Pastime—Practicing piano.

CAROL HAYMAN

Nickname—Karl.

Ultimate fate—Actress.

Song—Sleepy Time Gal.

Pastime—Reading.

GAIL McLEAN

Nickname—Mac.

Ultimate fate—School marm.

Song—School Days.

Pastime—Reading.

SANDRA LEACH

Nickname—Sandy.

Ultimate fate—Movie star.

Song—California Here I Come.

Pastime—Reading movie magazines.

JANE PARK

Nickname—Carrots.
Ultimate fate—Fisherman.
Song—Sleepy Baby.
Pastime—Eating.

DONNA PATTERSON

Nickname—Junior.
Ultimate fate—Horse doctor.
Song—"Charlie" My Boy.
Pastime—Studying.

HELEN GRANT

Nickname—Horsey
Ultimate fate—Atomic researcher.

Song—Old Black Joe.
Pastime—Sleeping.

MARIE BARIBEAULT

Nickname—Skeeziks.
Ultimate fate—Law abider.
Song—Wuxdebar.
Pastime—Sitting.

DELLA MARIE HARTWELL

Nickname—Dell.
Ultimate fate—Nurse.
Song—Lady in Blue.
Pastime—Knitting.

THE KINDERGARTEN



DOUGLAS HALL

DOUGLAS has had an eventful year. Although we have not won a sports cup, the girls have done their best and have shown good sportsmanship at all times. I would like to thank Roberta Scrase, our sports captain, for so freely giving her time and energy to our house sports.

We have done very well in house points and we are working hard for the shield. Mary Hope McInnis has been an efficient secretary.

Our yearly box of gifts to Point Douglas Missions was greatly appreciated. Thank you, girls, your co-operation and generous gifts make the project a success.

We are fortunate to have Miss Hall-dorson and Mrs. Little in our house, and we appreciate their interest and help. We are fortunate also in having a lively house spirit.

I have enjoyed the privilege of being prefect of Douglas Hall, and this year will always be a memorable one for me.

CLAIRE ANDERSON.



GARRY HALL

AS the 1949-50 school year nears its completion, I am happy to be able to look back upon an eventful year.

We are very fortunate this year in having Cecily Ann Gunn, our head girl, among our members, and also Mrs. Price, Mrs. McEwen and Miss Arnold as our staff representatives, who have given their assistance and help so freely and willingly.

In the field of sports, Garry has made a fine showing. First of all, aided by our capable sports captain, Susan Chester, and with the whole-hearted co-operation of the girls, we won the Inter-House Field Day Cup. Although we did not win the volleyball cup the girls displayed fine sportsmanship. Our basketball team is still in the play-offs for the highly prized basketball cup. Garry also came second in the bowling this year.

All the girls in Garry worked hard to obtain house points and I would like to thank them for their untiring efforts. Diana Morton also deserves special credit for her efficiency as secretary for Garry.

Our Christmas hamper was an example of the wonderful generosity of all the girls. The hamper, containing food, presents and clothing, was delivered to a needy family just before Christmas, and was certainly appreciated.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank the girls for their tireless efforts in selling tickets for the school plays, which were presented in March.

My year as prefect of Garry Hall has been a happy one because of the wonderful house spirit and co-operation of the staff members and all the girls.

RUTH ANDERSON.



NELSON HALL

NELSON Hall is coming to the close of another eventful year. I have enjoyed my duties as prefect and I would like to take this opportunity to thank our staff members, Mrs. Low, Miss Hepworth and Mrs. Wellwood, and the girls, for their loyalty and co-operation.

Special praise goes to Janet Bleeks, our efficient secretary, whose neat lists helped to bring us to second place in house points at Christmas and third place at Easter. To Sandra McNamara, our vivacious sports captain, I extend my thanks for working so hard to organize and improve our teams.

Although we were not victorious, Nelson showed good sportsmanship in the field day last fall. Inter-house volleyball, basketball and bowling took up much of our time, and fine house spirit was again displayed.

Before Christmas, a generous hamper was assembled and delivered to a needy family.

Due to the untiring efforts of the girls, Nelson sold the largest number

of tickets for the plays which were held in March.

As prefect of Nelson Hall, may I once again extend my thanks and appreciation to you, girls. This has been a most eventful and memorable year for me.

BARBARA DRYBROUGH.



YORK HALL

THIS 1949-1950 year has been a very happy and successful one for York Hall. We were indeed very fortunate to have had in our midst the sports captain of the school, Clem McNern, who was very generous in her support of York Hall's sports captain, Helen Grant.

Although our efforts were just not good enough to capture first place in the annual Field Day events the representatives of York tried hard and ended the day close upon the heels of the winners.

The inter-house volleyball cup and the inter-house bowling cup were both won by York Hall, so we have every reason to be proud of our success in the sports field.

At Christmas, the girls donated generously to making up a large hamper of food, clothing and toys for a needy family. Our house secretary, Annie Lou Ormiston, who supervised this important work, is to be congratulated on a job well done.

With regards to house points, I wish to thank all the girls for working so hard. The junior grades, Annie Lou Ormiston, Dulcie Ann Thomson and Diane Johnson have done very well in this respect.

As prefect of York Hall, I would like to thank Miss Dickson and Miss Shepley for their guidance and advice and all the girls for their whole-hearted support.

It has been a happy and eventful year for me.

MARILYN MAY.

HUMOR

A grocer was on the point of going bankrupt when a man to whom he owed a lot of money came into the store. "Look" said the man, "I don't want any excuses, I want my money and no fooling."

"Listen," said the grocer, "I'm making you a preferred creditor before I go bankrupt."

"What do you mean a preferred creditor?" asked the man.

"Well," said the grocer, "I'm telling you now you aint going to get your money. All the other creditors won't know until next week."

* * *

Did you hear the one about the minister in Toronto who phoned a minister in Vancouver?

"Is this a station to station call?" asked the operator.

"No," replied the reverend, "Its Parson to Parson."

* * *

Student: Are these the only anatomy books you have? They're at least ten years old.

Librarian: Look, son, there have been no bones added to the human body in the last ten years.

* * *

Gaeline: (whose Daddy insisted she finish some small household task): Alright Daddy! But if I'm tired at school in the morning, don't blame me if you get in trouble with my teacher."

* * *

It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry, when what we search for is excellent.—Cicero.

* * *

The over-curious are not over-wise.—Philip Massinger.

* * *

He who would pry behind the scenes oft sees a counterfeit.—Dryden.

* * *

Shun the inquisitive person, for he is also a talker.—Bryon.

ACTIVITIES

LILAC TEA—1949

LILAC time at Riverbend is really a beautiful sight but trying to organize the Lilac Tea to coincide with the blooming of the lilac trees, and a warm spring day, is a yearly problem the "tea planners" cannot always overcome.

The weather and the lilacs both acted up in 1949 but the "tea planners" can take consolation out of the fact that their event was a great success.

Tea was served in the dining room and the four houses combined to give the one large table a really homey effect, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Many thanks to our friends for turning out so faithfully to these annual lilac teas. Your generous support is greatly appreciated, and enables Riverbend School to continue its support of the United Church Fresh Air Camp.

DIANE JOHNSON.



GRADUATION—1949

"WHAT our country needs is good women, and before you can become good women, you must be good all-round girls. You young ladies will be the women of tomorrow, and yours will be a great responsibility," said Rev. A. R. Huband in his address to the twenty Riverbend School graduates at the closing exercises held in Westminster Church, June 15th, 1949.

During the course of the afternoon prizes and awards were presented to the graduates and students by Hon. R. F. McWilliams, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; Mrs. C. Gordon Smith, and Mr. F. H. Nord.

The Junior and Senior Glee Clubs, under the direction of Mrs. P. A. Carter, sang four selections, which contributed added enjoyment to an eventful afternoon.

Following the graduation exercises, the guests and their friends were entertained at a Garden Party on the school grounds, where the graduates received the congratulations they so richly deserved.

It was a beautiful summer's day and the warm sunshine and green lawns were a perfect setting for the dainty white gowns and colorful bouquets of the graduates.

In the evening Mrs. C. Gordon Smith entertained the graduating class at a delightful dinner party and later, the Graduation Dance brought to a close a perfect day.

DIANE JOHNSON.



PLAY NIGHT AT RIVERBEND March 1st, 1950

FOUR plays whose authors ranged from Charles Dickens to the Canadian newspaperman, Robertson Davies, shared the spotlight at the school gymnasium on Wednesday, March 1st, 1950.

Full responsibility for direction, make-up and properties was taken by the pupils of the grades concerned, and rumours are that both Hollywood and New York are interested.

The plays were well presented and the participants are to be congratulated for providing the large audience in attendance with a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

OBSERVER.



DOTHEBOYS HALL

Adapted by Evelyn Smith from
"Nicholas Nickleby" by
Charles Dickens

GRADES VII AND VIII

Characters

Nicholas Nickleby Judy Spence
Mr. Wackford Squeers..... Joanne Meyer
Mrs. Squeers Eve Riley
Fanny Squeers Nancy Bleeks
Wackford Squeers, Jr... Mavis Gossling

Pupils at Dotheboys Hall:
 SMIKE Gail Brooking
 BALDER Carol MacAulay
 TOMPKINS Audrey Stubbs
 MOBBS Muriel Edmonds
 COBBEY Diane White
 GREYMARSH Elizabeth Hamilton
 DIRECTORS Shirley Prowse
 Georgia Brown
 PROPERTIES Nora Anne Richards

GRADE IX

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

By Mary Louise Miller

Mrs. Fairchild Joan Sheppard
 SCOTTY FAIRCHILD Susanne Chester
 JUNIOR FAIRCHILD Gail Macdonald
 KITTY FAIRCHILD Dulcie Ann Thomson
 MOLLY Betty May Ormiston
 BUZZ JONES Sandra Leach
 MESSENGER BOY Carolyn Dyson
 HOPPY Carol Feinstein
 WAYNE CRAWFORD ... Marianne Bulloch
 DIRECTORS..... Jane Park, Anne Jenkins
 PROPERTIES Margaret Hillsman
 Dolores Palmatier

GRADE X

OLD MOORE'S ALMANAC

A Farce by John Pearmain

Lady Dullas Ditchwater.. Diana Morton
 Sir John Ditchwater,
 Mary Hope McInnis
 DAISY DIMPLE Carla Ann Stewart
 ALGERNON DITCHWATER,
 Annie Lou Ormiston
 EVELYN TENT Pat Riley
 OFFICE BOY Catherine Robertson
 DIRECTORS Donna Patterson
 Marie Baribeault
 PROPERTIES Helen Grant
 Barbara Parliament
 Patsy Sigurdson
 ANNOUNCER Janet Bleeks
 MAKE-UP Ann Fox, Diane Calder

GRADE XI

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

By Robertson Davies

SAM NORTH Diane Johnson
 AGGIE MORTON Janet Black
 SHORTY MORTON Roberta Scrase

MYRTLE MORTON Sandra McNamara
 DIRECTORS Ruth Anderson
 Barbara Drybrough
 PROPERTIES Marilyn May
 Claire Anderson
 Clem McNern
 Cecily Ann Gunn
 MAKE-UP June Young
 Tamara Markell
 Audrey Hanberg
 Margaret Loughheed

THE CRIMSON COCOANUT

The Grade 8's contribution to the Friday morning pre-Christmas plays was a presentation of the humorous mystery play "The Crimson Cocanut," by Ian Hay, at the school gym, early in December.

Thanks, girls, for a pleasant and entertaining half hour.

The cast were:

PINCHER Muriel Edmonds
 ROBERT Eve Riley
 NANCY Elizabeth Hamilton
 GLISERINSKI Joanne Meyer
 MME. GLISERINSKI Mavis Gossling
 DIRECTORS Judy Spence
 Miss I. Dickson
 PROPERTIES Shirley Prowse
 Diane White

MARILYN MAY

BROTHERS IN ARMS

On Friday morning, October 14th, the girls and staff of Riverbend School gathered in the school gym to watch a very enjoyable play, entitled, "Brothers in Arms," by Merrill Dennison, put on by the Grade 10's. This play is on the Grade 10 course this year, and is a comedy taking place in a lonely hunting cabin in the backwoods.

A short introduction to the play was given by Mary Hope McInnis, and after this the enthusiastic audience was transferred to this lonely cabin in the woods. The four main characters all did their parts excellently. Diana Morton was a very romantic Dorothea Browne and Donna Patterson was her business-like husband, J. Altrus Browne. The backwoodsmen were perfectly portrayed—Syd White by Annie

L. Ormiston and Charlie Henderson by Pat Riley.

The entire program went off smoothly except for one distraction which occurred when Syd White's chair collapsed beneath him. Annie Lou carried on so well, however, that no one really noticed that it was not all part of the fun.

The play was excellently directed by Ann Fox and Marie Baribeault, and Helen Grant looked after the make-up.

MARY HOPE McINNIS



THE LIBRARY

Riverbend School has a well-stocked library of fiction and reference books. One room has its walls lined with shelves of reference books. Another is stocked with fiction. Additions are made to the library each year, one book at least being donated to it by each girl of the graduating class.

Great treasures of knowledge and wisdom from ancient and modern times are locked up in these volumes, but alas! though the key to them is available to all Riverbend girls, all too few take advantage of the privilege of its use.

The books are there for your benefit, girls. Use them!

S. HALLDORSON



THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Friday evening, October 28th, 1949, all the girls from grades seven to eleven gathered in the gym for a very enjoyable Halloween party. This eventful evening began at approximately seven-thirty and soon everyone, including the staff, was joining in the fun. The main event of the evening was the presentation of six skits; five of which were put on by the different classes. The sixth skit, however, completely stole the show, as the teachers gave us a picture of what a Riverbend girl does "after school hours." After this was over a sing-song was held and refreshments were served.

Soon after ten o'clock the girls slowly departed, and they all agreed that it had been a very pleasant and memorable evening.

MARY HOPE McINNIS.



BACH IN 1950

Johann Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach, Germany, in 1685. He died in 1750 — two hundred years ago. In recognition of this fact, musicians the world over are this year giving special attention to the music of the man who is so frequently called "The Father of Music."

Bach's works represent the culmination of polyphonic composition. They were practically unknown to the public for half a century after his death. But ever since Mendelssohn discovered them and presented the "Passion Music According to St. Matthew," in 1829, they have steadily gained popularity, until now, in 1950, Bach's music is generally conceded to be amongst the greatest the world has known. Beethoven once wrote: "His name should not be Bach (German for "brook") it should be ocean! Titanic, noble, lofty, profound — divinely human — such is the great source and fountain-head from whom well-nigh all that is best and most enduring in modern music has been derived."

Bach is greatly admired not only for the quality of his compositions, but for the quantity. He is said to have written over one thousand pieces, in every department except Opera. This was achieved it must be remembered, in spite of a very busy life in which he was at various times chorister boy, violinist, organist, teacher, orchestra director and capellmeister.

More and more, students are realizing that playing Bach not only stimulates the ear and the appreciation of fine music, but is of tremendous importance in developing their technique. Many writers claim that from a technical standpoint Bach was fully a cent-

(Continued on page 23)







BEAU AND ARROW DANCE—1950

On February 17th, old and new school friends mingled at the Beau and Arrow Ball of the Alumnae of Riverbend School.

Guests were received by Miss J. M. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Culver Riley, Dr. and Mrs. A. Clare McInnes, and Mr. and Mrs. John A. MacAulay.

Amid cupids with bows and large hearts which encircled the school gymnasium, more than one hundred couples danced throughout the evening to the enjoyable music of Irwin Plumm and his orchestra.

Our sincere thanks go to all those who worked so hard to make this event the success that it was.

DIANE JOHNSON.

BACH IN 1950

(Continued from page 20)

ury ahead of his time. He himself was the foremost organist of his day, and wrote many difficult works (for violin and clavichord as well as for organ) which even today tax the most capable performers.

Bach is of special interest to pianists, because he was the inventor of the modern system of equal temperament for tuning Keyboard instruments. "The Well Tempered Clavichord" was written to demonstrate the superiority of this system. Also, it was Bach who first introduced the use of the thumb in playing the clavichord.

When one considers the splendor of his polyphony, and the intricacy of his technique, it is not surprising that musicians are welcoming this opportunity of paying tribute to a man who left one of the most precious legacies the world has ever received.

EILEEN ARNOLD.

SPORTS

*"To win the game is great,
To play the game is greater,
To love the game is greatest."*

Not everyone may win; someone is sure to lose. The ability to respect an honourable opponent and accept defeat generously is one of the greatest lessons of life.

Sportsmanship means not only to accept defeat generously or to acknowledge victory graciously. A good sport is the person who is at all times reliable, dependable, honest, cheerful and, above all, co-operative.

If we maintain throughout life the same ideals of sportsmanship, fair play, courage and endurance which are most important in games, we will be successful in the game of life.

M. McCRIMMON.

BASKETBALL

This year our basketball season began later than usual, due to our emphasis on volleyball. As in previous years there was the competition between St. Mary's, Rupert's Land, and Riverbend. Each of our four teams, first and second Senior, Intermediate, and Junior, played four games. Although we did not win, the girls proved to be fine sports and did their very best at all times. Our basketball this year was under the guidance of Miss McCrimmon.

SENIOR FIRST

Forwards—Clem McNern, Ruth Anderson, Annie Lou Ormiston.

Guards—Barbara Drybrough, Janet Bleeks, Mary Hope McInnis, Roberta Scrase.

SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM





SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

SENIOR SECOND

Forwards—Carla Ann Stewart, Helen Grant, Jane Park.

Guards — Sandra McNamara, Ann Fox, Audrey Hanberg, Barbara Fisher.

INTERMEDIATE

Forwards—Anne Jenkins, Gail MacDonald, Joan Sheppard, Dulcie Thomson.

Guards—Susie Chester, Dolores Palmatier, Elizabeth Hamilton, Nora Ann Richards.

JUNIORS

Forwards—Judy Spence, Mavis Gossling, Shirley Prowse, Betty May Ormiston, Carol MacAuley, Audry Stubbs.

Guards—Nancy Bleeks, Gail Brook-
ing, Joanne Meyer, Eve Riley.

RUTH ANDERSON.

VOLLEYBALL

Once again Riverbend School was represented in the Inter-high School Volleyball League of Winnipeg and did very well considering the strong opposition encountered.

Under the excellent coaching of Miss McCrimmon, the girls were very enthusiastic and a good turn-out to all practices was the result.

The Inter-house Volleyball Competition proved very exciting York Hall won the cup, with Garry Hall a close second.

The girls are to be congratulated on their good team-work and sportsmanship.

R. SCRASE.

FIELD DAY RESULTS

SPRINTS

Grade 1 and 2:

1. John Bracken, 2. Carrol Ann Fields, 3. Barbara Ticehurst.

Grade 3 and 4:

1. Dianna Sheppard, 2. Eleanor Spence, 3. Elizabeth Eccles.

Grade 5 and 6:

1. Roberta Robertson, 2. Joan Panting, 3. Gayle MacLean.

Class A:

1. Gail Brooking, 2. Anne Jenkins, 3. Janet Bleeks.

Class B:

1. Diana Morton, 2. Susan Chester, 3. Audrey Hamberg.

Class C:

1. Helen Grant, 2. Ruth Anderson, 3. Diane Johnson.

Class D:

1. Clem McNern, 2. Barbara Fisher, 3. Sandra MacNamara.

BALL THROW

Class A:

1. Gail Brooking, 2. Dulcie Thompson, 3. Georgina Steele.

Class B:

1. Joanne Meyer, 2. Margaret Lougheed, 3. Susanne Chester.

Class C:

1. Helen Grant, 2. Donna Patterson, 3. Ruth Anderson.

Class D:

1. Barbara Fisher, 2. Clem McNern, 3. Roberta Scrase.

HIGH JUMP

Grade 1 and 2:

1. John Bracken, 2. Carol Ann Field, 3. Wendy Bracken.

Grade 3 and 4:

1. Diana Sheppard, 2. Elizabeth Eccles, 3. Sandra Jean Service and Eleanor Spence.

Grade 5 and 6:

1. Anne Jenkins, 2. Dulcie Thomson, 3. Mavis Gosling.

Class B:

1. Catherine Robertson, 2. Diana Morton, 3. Audrey Hamberg.

Class C:

1. Carolyn Dyson, 2. Ann Fox, 3. Diane Johnson and Ruth Anderson.

Class D:

1. Clem McNern, 2. Barbara Fisher, 3. Sandra MacNamara.

HOP, STEP, AND JUMP

Class A:

1. Joan Sheppard, 2. Gail Brooking, 3. Judy Spence.

Class B:

1. Cathy Robertson, 2. Diane Morton, 3. Barbara Drybrough.

Class C:

1. Betty Runner, 2. Claire Anderson, 3. Ruth Anderson.

Class D:

1. Dolores Palmatier, 2. Roberta Scrase, 3. Annie Lou Ormiston.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

Class A:

1. Anne Jenkins, 2. Audrey Stubbs, 3. Elizabeth Hamilton.

Class B:

1. Cathy Robertson, 2. Diana Morton, 3. Susan Chester.

Class C:

1. Betty Ann Runner, 2. Claire Anderson, 3. Helen Grant.

Class D:

1. Barbara Fisher, 2. Sandra MacNamara, 3. Helen Grant.

Class D:

1. Barbara Fisher, 2. Sandra Macnamara, 3. Dolores Palmatier, and Mary McInnis.

THREE-LEGGED RACE

Grade 5 and 6:

1. Gayle McLean, Roberta Robertson; 2. Elizabeth Walton, Gail Burrows.

Grade 3 and 4:

1. Eleanor Spence, Diana Sheppard.
2. Joyce Belloff, Sandra Service.
3. John Bracken, Carol Ann Fields.

OBSTACLE RACE

Grade 1 and 2:

1. John Bracken, 2. Gaeline Delmarque, 3. Carol Ann Field.

Grade 3 and 4:

1. Diana Sheppard, 2. Sandra Jean Service, 3. Eleanor Spence.

Grade 5 and 6:

1. Gail Burrows, 2. Roberta Robertson, 3. Gayle McLean.

SHUTTLES

1. Garry House, 2. Nelson House, 3. Douglas House.

RELAY

1. Garry House, 2. Nelson House, 3. York House.

OBSTACLE

1. Garry House, 2. York House, 3. Nelson House.

Total number of points:

Douglas, 30; Nelson, 48; York, 60; Garry, 84.

CLEMENTINE McNERN.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



LITERARY

THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY

Once there was a monkey who lived in the top of a big tree and cracked nuts all day long.

He bothered the little squirrel who lived in the trunk of the tree by dropping the nut shells in front of its door.

This made the little squirrel very angry and he called up to the monkey, he said, "Do not drop those nut shells in front of my door."

The monkey just laughed and said, "Why don't you sweep them up."

Now this made the squirrel very angry and he chattered up at the monkey.

One day the squirrel went to tell his friends about his troubles and while he was away the monkey came down the tree, put his hand into the squirrels home, brought out all the nuts he found there, and ran back up to the top of the tree to eat them.

When the squirrel came home it did not take him long to find that all of his nuts were gone and it did not take him long to guess who had taken them.

This time he called up to the monkey, he said, "How dare you steal my nuts." The monkey just chuckled to himself and said, "Sticks and stones will break my bones but names will never hurt me."

This gave the squirrel an idea. Next day he gathered all the shells the monkey had dropped. Then the monkey dropped some more saying, "Here are some more Mr. Squirrel." This would have bothered the poor little squirrel very much but he was too busy then to even hear him.

Next he went to the pine trees and got some resin, then he wrapped it up in a leaf and took it home.

He went to the brook and got a lot of little stones and took them home.

It took him three days to get ready. He put the cracked shells together with a stone in between them, and stuck them together with the resin.

On the third day, everything was ready, and the squirrel went away, but came back quietly to the next tree to watch.

The monkey came down the tree, put his hand into the squirrels house, and brought out all the nuts. Then he went up to the top of the tree and began to crack them. Crack went two of his front teeth, then he tried another, and another, and crack went four more of his teeth.

He was dancing with pain. "The nuts in this tree are too stale" he said so he went away and left the tree to the squirrel.

JOHN BRACKEN,

Gr. II, Garry House.



THE GREEDY WOLF

A fox and a wolf lived together. The wolf was hungry and he asked the fox if he knew where there was some meat. "Yes I know" said the fox. "In the farmer's cellar, I'll get some for you." "No" said the wolf, "I'll go too."

Soon they came to the farmer's cellar and saw there a big tub full of meat. The hungry wolf began to eat without stopping, but the fox only ate a little before he jumped back out of the window, then he came back, ate a little more, and did the same thing again.

The wolf saw him doing this and said, "why are you doing that" and the fox said, "To see if I can still get out through the window." "How silly you are" said the wolf who just kept on eating as fast as he could.

Now the farmer had heard a noise in his cellar and came down the steps to see what was the matter. The fox

sprang out through the window, the wolf tried to follow but stuck fast.

The farmer killed the wolf and that was the end of the greedy wolf.

CAROL ANNE FIELDS,
Gr. II, Garry House.



FLAME AND FLASH

An ocelot is an animal spotted like a leopard, but much smaller and they are usually called leopard cats.

Flame and Flash were brother ocelots, Flame got his name because he could leap as fast as flame, and Flash got his name because he was as fast as lightning.

Lions are the enemies of the ocelots and one day Flame was walking along with his mother when they came upon a lion attacking Flash. Flame joined in the fight and after Flash gave up, continued to fight until the lion ran away.

One day Flame saw the same lion he had fought with and he crouched on the limb of a tree so that he could spring upon the lion as he passed beneath. Just as he sprung, a second lion came along so Flame had to fight two lions. Then Flash came along and saw them fighting. He remembered that Flame had saved him from a lion so he joined in the fight. The fight ended, and the two lions, nearly dead, crawled slowly away.

Flash had saved Flame's life.

JOANNE WILSON,
Gr. IV, York House.



MAY TULIP'S ADVENTURE

May was a bulb when she was little but after she had been tucked into the ground she grew into a beautiful tulip. The next thing she knew she was pulled out of the ground, the beautiful flower was cut off, and she and a lot of her friends were packed into a box and sold.

After a long boat trip, May and her friends arrived in Winnipeg. A little girl bought May and planted her in the ground in her garden:

In the early spring, May was a beautiful flower again and soon all around her other beautiful flowers grew up. There was Rosa the rose, Penny the petunia, Daisy the daffodil and Garlot the gardenia. They became great friends. May told them all about her voyage from Holland, and they told her all about their lives.

One day, a beautiful butterfly flew among them. She said she was a fairy and asked them to the Fairy Palace. The fairies were having a meeting when they arrived, and they were told by the fairy queen that a lot of fairies were dying, because little children were saying that they did not believe in fairies. Every time a child said this a little fairy died. How could they save the fairies?

They did not know what to do. Suddenly May had an idea. "Why don't we tell the children?" Soon all the flowers were telling the children about the fairies and because the children again believed in fairies, no fairies died.

The Fairy Queen again sent for the flowers, and granted each a wish. They all wished to be able to visit the fairies.

JOANNE WILSON,
Gr. IV, York House.



MY TRIP TO ENGLAND AND WALES

During the summer of 1949 I visited England and Wales. I sailed from Quebec on the Franconia, and nearly two weeks later arrived at Liverpool, where my cousin met me. He took me to his home in Cardiff, Wales, where I met my Great Aunt and Great Uncle.

Cardiff is the capital city of Wales and is noted for its fine buildings and lovely parks. Here, I visited Cardiff Castle, once the home of the Marquis of Bute. It was a lovely carved floor and a high golden roof. In front of this old castle is the draw bridge but the moat around the castle has been drained and is now covered with grass.

When I went home that day I sat in a seat on top of the bus and the conductor came for my ticket. The tickets were very odd, they are just like pieces of paper, and the conductor punched a hole in it and gave it back to me.

I stayed in Cardiff two months, and then visited Dover, Folkstone, Brighton, and London. While in London, I visited the Tower of London, and saw the Crown Jewels, and the place where they chopped off people's heads many years ago. There are two very old churches in the Tower of London. I also saw the changing of the Horse Guards.

In October I went back to Cardiff to say good-bye to my Great Aunt and Great Uncle and my cousin before returning to Canada.

When we were sailing up the St. Lawrence River I saw four whales.

CAROL HAYMAN,
Gr. IV, Douglas House.



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Once upon a time there lived a little boy who had no father. When he went outside to play butterflies would make a crown around his head and follow him.

After he had grown up a terrible war broke out and he wanted to be a soldier. Finally his mother consented, and later, she went to the train with him to see him off. She asked him to write her often and he said he would, and just before the train left, the butterflies again made a crown around his head. He told his mother that he would be back as soon as he could.

His mother wrote to him often but not one letter did she receive from him. She worried about him, and then she remembered that he had said he would be back as soon as he could.

One day, at a Remembrance Day Service, the minister said that there was a soldier found dead on the battlefield but none of the soldiers knew his name. As the minister spoke, the butterflies came in through the church

window, and made a wreath in the air.

The mother knew then that the "Unknown Soldier" was her son, and after that, whenever she was lonely, the butterflies came.

SANDRA JEAN SERVICE,
Gr. IV, Douglas House.



SOUTH AMERICAN CHRISTMAS

I was so happy and excited when I heard I was going home for Christmas. I met Daddy at Montreal, and then Grandma, Daddy, and I went on to New York from where Daddy and I took the plane for Georgetown.

The flight took many hours and we arrived at Georgetown a few hours late. As soon as we had passed through the customs, we went sixty-five miles up the river to our home at MacKenzie.

The next day Virginia stayed home from school. We played under the house in the morning, and in the afternoon mother took us swimming in the swimming pool across the road from our house.

On Christmas, we had a Christmas tree. It was a cherry tree sprayed with aluminum. There was a concert at which we all wore fairy costumes, followed by a big dinner.

Virginia's birthday came in January, and we went for a boat ride on the river. When we came back, we had a party with balloons on bamboo sticks.

Soon it was time to leave MacKenzie and return to Georgetown. Here, I visited the museum where I saw alligators, electric eels, strange fish, and odd animals. The gentleman, who owns this museum, lets some of the animals out to walk about.

I also visited the Botanical Gardens and saw there an eagle, and some manities. Manities are big sea cows.

There are many beautiful trees around Georgetown — bamboo trees, palm trees, cherry trees, grape fruit trees, and mango trees, to name a few.

Mummy, Daddy, and I went to Trinidad where I went swimming in the

Caribbean sea and also climbed part way up a mountain.

Soon it was time to return to Winnipeg and here I am back at school after an exciting trip.

ELIZABETH ECHOLS,
Gr. IV, Nelson House.



JIMMY GETS A DOG

Jimmy wanted a dog very much and one day, when his father asked him what kind of a dog he would like, he jumped for joy, and yelled "A Collie."

He went to bed that night feeling very happy and when he awoke in the morning his Daddy was just coming home from work. In his arms he held a little collie and when Jimmy saw it, he jumped out of bed, took the little pup into his arms, and hugged it. Right away he called the dog "Beauty" because he was so pretty.

"Do not love it too much" said his Daddy." I found it on the road and brought it home because it was shaking with cold."

Two days later there was a great big notice in the paper, it said, "Collie missing." Jimmy looked at his Daddy and again looked at the paper, then he ran to his bedroom and cried because he was afraid the owner would take Beauty away from him.

That night Jimmy got a sack of food for himself and Beauty. Then he got his big wagon and put the food and Beauty in it and stole away to a cabin far away in the woods. When they reached the cabin he ate some food and then went to bed with Beauty.

The next morning, after breakfast, Jimmy sat on the bank of a river near the cabin, and thought of his kind father whom he had left. After lunch he and Beauty went swimming.

On the second day he became very lonesome, he had now been away two whole days and he missed his parents very much. Suddenly he heard someone coming through the woods and he and Beauty hid behind a bush. When

he saw his father his heart beat fast because he was afraid Beauty would start barking. Then it happened! Beauty did start barking and Jimmy's father found them.

How happy he was to find Jimmy safe and sound, and how happy Jimmy was when he heard that Beauty had been bought for him.

PAT LANSDOWN,
Gr. V, Nelson House.



BILLY'S FIRST CAPTURE

Billy leaned forward in his saddle gazing off into the distance where he thought he saw a black dot that might possibly be a wild horse. He urged his pony towards it at the gallop and, as he drew near, he saw a beautiful black stallion, As he got closer, the wild stallion suddenly took fright and galloped away in a cloud of dust.

That night at his father's ranch, Billy tried to think of a way to capture this beautiful horse. He had always wanted a horse of his own and this was such a beautiful one.

The next morning, he started out very early to scout for his wild beauty and, rounding the edge of a bluff, he suddenly saw him. He swung his lariat and missed. This frightened the horse and he started off at a gallop. Billy gave chase and on his second try his lariat settled over the stallion's head.

After a hard time, he managed to reach the ranch with his prize and shouted to a cowboy to help him to get the badly frightened horse into the corral.

Early next morning they started to break in the stallion, and a month later Billy was allowed to ride him. At last Billy had a horse of his own and because he was so beautiful Billy called him Black Beauty.

From then on Beauty and Billy were friends.

GAYLE McLEAN,
Gr. V, Garry House.

MY VISIT TO CHOATE SCHOOL

When we visited Choate School, Connecticut, U.S.A. I ate my dinner with six hundred boys. I could not say a word and if somebody had asked me my name I do not think I could have said it.

After dinner on Sunday they held a chapel service. The chimes were wonderful and the choir sang beautifully.

The Headmaster took Mother, my brother and me out for a drive. We saw the whole campus, all of the buildings, the farm, and a wonderful apple orchard. We picked some of the apples and put them in the car.

I was sorry to leave Choate School and hope to see it again some day.

GAIL BURROWS,

Gr. V, York House.



HOW I CAUGHT THE GOPHER IN THE SCHOOL YARD

When I went to school one morning, I eyed a large brown and white speckled gopher. I walked close to him, and tried to grab him, but of course I missed. I tried this over and over again. I finally gave up but the gopher was so saucy, that he made me very cross.

The following day, I brought a net and a box to school. I went to both of his holes and put a box over one and the net over the other. The gopher tried to come out the hole with the net over the top. Quickly, I turned the net upside down and caught him.

How happy I was! The gopher was never saucy again, and the school had a big brown and white speckled gopher as a pet.

ROBERTA ROBERTSON,

Grade VI, Garry House.



THE BEAR

When we were at the lake, one of my chores was to go for the water, and in order to get to the pump, I had to walk through the woods.

One morning I heard a rustle among the trees and bushes. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but when

I heard it again I thought it might possibly be a snake, but the noise suggested something bigger than that. The rustling came closer and closer, then I saw something brown, I saw a face, it was a bear! and I was soon in full flight towards the pump.

When I started back home with the water, he was nowhere in sight and I had just convinced myself that he had gone when he suddenly ran on to the path right ahead of me. I jumped about a foot before I realized that it was just a little baby cub. I tried to pat him but he moved away so I continued on my way home.

The little baby cub followed me all the way home, I fed him some bread crusts and honey, and he slept under the cottage all night.

I kept him all the time I was down at the lake.

JOAN PANTING,

Gr. VI, Nelson House.



BEN AND THE BROKEN BOWL

There once lived a mother who had a son whose name was Ben. They were happy but very poor, and their home was high up in the mountains.

One day his mother had to go up the mountainside to get some water and little Ben, left all alone, decided to bring his pet goat into the house, to teach him to jump for apples. They had a lot of fun until the goat knocked over a large blue bowl.

Ben cried and cried because he knew his mother would be very cross. He took the goat outside and sat down to think what he could do.

Suddenly he noticed an old tramp sitting on the doorstep with a big bundle at his feet. Ben was very curious as to what was in the bundle, so he asked the tramp to open it. In it he saw all sort of things, among them being a large, bright yellow bowl. Ben was very excited, he asked the tramp what he could give him for the bowl and the tramp looking around said "If you will give me half of that dry bread over there you may have the bowl."

Quickly Ben made the exchange, and

when his mother came home and saw the new bowl she was astonished. "Ben" asked his mother "Where did you get that beautiful bowl?" Ben quickly told his story and his mother was so pleased that she baked him a big blueberry pie as a reward.

Ben and his mother lived happily ever after.

ROBERTA ROBERTSON,
Grade VI, Garry House.



JUST COMMON SENSE

It is easier to take something apart than to put it together again. How true this is! If you harbour any doubts about this just try fixing a small broken radio. You'll find that it can be taken apart without much difficulty even though you do not possess the proper tools. After having carefully dismantled the set and laid out each separate little part in rotation to make reassembly that much easier, you suddenly realize you have forgotten to mark each wire as you detached it from its post. This fact alone should immediately prompt you to admit defeat, gather up the pieces, and go to the nearest radio mechanic, but "to ere is human" and you proceed blithely on with your task. The actual fault escapes your notice, but you will have no trouble convincing yourself that it must have been wire trouble after all. The reassembly takes a long time — little screws that came out so easily now seem to take great delight in being stubborn — you think it impossible that all the wires laying around came out of your little radio set. Eventually, however, your efforts are rewarded, the set is together again, and only one or two little screws are left over. It looks fine! Your hopes rise, gingerly you put the plug into the light socket, Phoof! a blinding flash, and a room full of smoke! It may be easy to take things apart but it requires actual knowledge to put them together again.

DIANE JOHNSON,
Gr. XI, York House.

SNOW

Silently as sleep
the noiseless
snow is falling.
Upon the hills
and streets
In little flakes
they fall,
Silently as sleep.

HELEN GRANT,
Gr. X, York House.



THE LITTLE BROWN FLEA

The story which I am writing here is indeed a very sad tale. It all started out because I wanted to have some fun instead of always having the same old routine. Enough of my troubles, let me tell you my story.

I am a little brown flea, but I would like to be referred to as Helen. It is not because I am stuck-up or anything like that, but, well you know how people are about fleas! It all started out one morning when Rover decided he would not take his morning walk. Rover, as you have probably guessed is a dog, and up until a few weeks ago was my home. He raised me from the time I was a baby. How I loved him.

I crept up from where I had been sleeping and went straight to his ear. "Rover," I asked, "do you think we could go for our walk now? The sun is shining so beautifully and besides its a little stuffy in here." I heard a big crash and realized that Rover was not in a good mood this morning. His teeth had come a little too close for comfort, so I crept slowly back heart-broken and discouraged. I was just settling down to have to another snooze when I heard a voice. There at the bottom of my feet I saw, oh no it couldn't be, I rubbed my eyes and looked again, Oh no! But it was, another flea. Well I suppose I'd better see what she wants.

"Say you're new around here aren't you?" "Yes, I am," she replied, "but I don't see that it is any business of

yours." "Why nobody else has a right to know more than I have. I own the place."

"Well, all right, my name is Donna," and with a little giggle and a flash of her long curly eyelashes I knew that we were friends. "Say, I said, "this is not any fun, let's get into some mischief. I'll get at the head and you get at his tail and bite him. Don't be surprised if he gnashes his teeth once or twice. Maybe this way we will get him outside. "With a flash we were off. Snap went Rover's teeth at his tail. Ha, ha, can't catch me," I yelled from the top of his head.

After a few minutes of this Mr. Brown thought we were too noisy and put us outside, but we were only outside a few minutes when he called us in again.

Donna thought she was pretty smart and started to tease me for having been brought back in.

"Be quiet or I'll punch you in the nose," I firmly answered her. Now I know, why of course, Rover is going to a dog show this afternoon, ugh! that means a bath. Let me see, if I crept in his ear, I would not get wet. I'll tell Donna to get into the other one.

Boy, was that some bath! Anyway we finally got to the dog show. Mr. Brown tied a big blue ribbon around Rover's neck. (I've always wanted blue for one of my room decorations).

This is such an uneventful life. Dog shows, baths, morning walks. At least if Rover would win something! maybe I spoke too soon. Just a minute now, Oh boy, we did it, we won the silver cup. Here comes the judge to present us with the cup. "Thank you my good man, I'll remember you in my will for this," I said. Donna tried to quiet me but I was too happy. "Tell me," I said, "what good is a mouth if I cannot use it?" Well that finished her.

"What did you say Mr. Brown?" asked the judge. "I beg your pardon, but I didn't say anything," he replied.

"Oh shut up you old bag and give us the cup," I yelled to the judge.

"Wait a minute sir," said the judge to Mr. Brown, "you can't insult me and get away with it." Bang went his fist right on Mr. Brown's nose.

"Its your fault," Donna said, "you lost the cup for Rover. See, that big mongrel on the other side is getting it. I wouldn't blame Rover if he sent you away."

"Oh I wanted that cup so badly too," I cried.

I didn't wait for Rover to send me away, I packed my bags and left.

And that is how I got in this situation. A hobo, a flea of the roads and freight trains! I think I'll end it all. Please excuse my tear-stained paper, my red polka dot handkerchief has already been rung out three times. Here comes a car, I am going to let it run right over me, and that I did.

"I guess it really was worth it though, I don't mind playing the harp at all, and the dog I have now is much nicer. You see, I can see right through him and I get all the fresh air I want. You guessed it, I'm in "Flea Heaven," a place where all good fleas go.

MARIE BARIBEAULT,
Gr. X, Douglas House.



WAVES

Blue waves,
Tossing and tumbling eastward,
Racing to reach the rocky shore
To crash on the cold, grey cliffs
Draw back, and crash again
And fall
In foaming spray.
Blue waves,
Sparkling in the sunlight
Grow tired of their racing.
As sinks the sun
And night draws near
The Wind, too, grows tired
And is hushed.
Black ripples
Lapping the shore
Until the dawn.

MARY HOPE McINNIS,
Gr. X, Douglas House.

I BECOME PRINCIPAL OF RIVERBEND FOR A DAY

Just imagine how you would feel, an ordinary girl, a student, and suddenly principal of the school you are attending. That's just how it happened and it developed as quickly as that, too, but now I am going to tell you how it all came about.

One morning at Prayers Miss Carter announced that we were going to have a new principal. "A new principal, oh! that would be impossible" thought I, "you mean Miss Carter that you are resigning?" All these things ran through my mind. There were gasps and exclamations of protest and then Miss Carter silenced us all with her hand.

"Yes," she added, and calmly went on "but only for one day." This brought sighs of relief and color came back to our faces.

"We are going to have a contest which will last only a day. Every person who enters this contest must be a student of Riverbend. To enter you must write a school song suitable for use in sports, at Prayers and ordinary gatherings. Our judges will be the two English teachers and the results will be read at Prayers tomorrow morning. The award is to be Principal of Riverbend for one day and the winner will take her position at Prayers day after tomorrow, while I take the day off and visit old friends. Good luck girls."

At this Miss Carter nodded to the Prefect and the school rose and we went down to our classrooms. Everyone was bursting with enthusiasm. What would we write about? Who would win? Our class teacher came in and silenced us and gave us further instructions concerning the contest. We were given the morning to write our songs and all of us were soon busy at our work.

As many people know, writing poetry is not one of my talents, but this was different. I had a feeling that I could compete against Bliss Carman and actually win. With this feeling I began

and only stopped when my brain became exhausted. I handed my paper in and left the room. The afternoon went as usual, French, English, Gym and Study, and finally after evening study the day was over.

Next morning the Porridge Pot was full of excitement, Helen, Marie and I dressed faster than usual and soon we went over to the school building. Prayers came and after the hymn and scripture everyone started squirming on the benches. Who would it be? "Oh! dear how nerve-wrecking," thought I. Miss Carter glanced from row to row as though thinking it would be the last time for two days. Then she called upon one of the judges to give their decision and at last the moment had arrived.

"It has been difficult choosing the best piece of poetry as everyone has made an exceptionally good effort and there have been some fine pieces of work produced. I have the great honour of giving the title of "Principal of the Day" to Pearl Johnson.

I sat still, I was astounded, oh! there must be some mistake but as I glanced about me I noticed everyone was looking toward me so I stood and went up to the front. I was congratulated by Miss Carter and the judges. Miss Carter gave me instructions about the following day. I was so excited I could barely stand but finally managed to get back to my place safely.

Many of the girls and teachers came up and congratulated me and gave me pats on the back. The day went by quickly and I prepared myself for the following day.

The dressing bell went but instead of getting up as usual I prepared myself for breakfast in bed and comfortably waited for Anna to bring it in. It was so nice to lie beneath the covers and hear Helen and Marie rush to the bathroom at the last moment. Breakfast finished I got dressed to go to school. No uniform, but a dress and I had to wear Miss Carter's black robe. How exciting! But of course it was a bit small. I went over to the office around





8.30 and waited anxiously for my first duty as Principal of Riverbend.

A couple of the girls came to tell me they didn't have their uniforms on because they were at the dry cleaners but otherwise very little happened until the bells for Prayers rang. I was a bit nervous but my room mates gave me encouraging glances as they came past me and soon I found myself enjoying the experience. We sang the hymn and I read the prayer. It was quite a feeling to nod to the Prefect and as I glanced across the gymnasium I thought how happy and healthy these girls seemed.

Soon I found myself alone in the office and then one of the boarders came around the corner and asked in a meek voice:

"Miss Car—Johnson do you think I could go home for the weekend. Mother is having a dinner party and wants me to help her?"

Here she paused and looked at me with pleading eyes. I thought, what would Miss Carter do? Oh dear, being a principal isn't so easy after all. If I was in this girl's place what would I think? I hesitated and quickly replied.

"Well, yes Joan, I think it will be alright as long as you are back before nine o'clock on Sunday."

"Oh yes, Miss Car—Johnson, I'll be back in plenty of time and thank you very much."

I sat down for a minute and soon I saw a girl standing before me. I looked up and saw that it was Marilyn.

"Yes Marilyn what can I do for you?"

"Well, Miss Johnson, I was wondering if I could draw \$10.00 from my Trust Account this week as it is Dad's birthday and I have to buy him a present. Please Miss Johnson, it is on Sunday."

I looked up at this girl and wondered how many times I had asked that question myself. She was so out of breath that I felt an urge to laugh and then I wandered; "Yes, I think that will be alright, Marilyn, take the slip to Miss Bevis today so she can get the money from the bank."

"Thank you, Miss Johnson," was her reply.

Phone calls, people wondering when school was closing this term, and various other things, kept me occupied all morning. At noon I was given the staff table and after dinner I was occupied with various things including a tea and a meeting. It was very nice being called "Miss" instead of "Pearly" and being treated so kindly but when it came to four o'clock I was not sorry to give Miss Carter back her black robe and put on my own grey tunic again.

It was a pleasant and interesting day and if I did nothing else, I learned that to hold responsibility one must have patience, be able to see the person's view, and most of all be able to look at the cheerful side of life. When I resumed my place as a student the next day, although only being away one day, I felt as though I had grown up and had finally become a woman.

DONNA PATTERSON,
Gr. X, Neilson House.



MY BROTHER

A "little" boy of six foot two,
Who never has a thing to do.
Always getting what he wants,
And pestering me with childish taunts.
He always has the right of way,
And everything I do or say
Must pass his judgment like a book
But always with a superior look.
If I buy a scarf or dress
He tells me that it is a "mess!"
But if he buys a shirt or tie
I'll say its nice or I'll know why.
He's always riding in the car
But he won't drive me very far.
And if I ask him for a loan
He gives it, but first a loud groan.
Maybe when we're old and grey,
We'll begin to talk someday
About our childhood, through fair and
rain
And wish that we were young again.

PAT RILEY,
Gr. X, Douglas House.

THE LOCKET

"I hate school!" declared Mary with all the vehemence she could muster. "You spend all your time on studying and never have any time for fun except during the weekends!"

"But dear, you hardly spend any time on your homework, and your father will be so disappointed if you don't do well in the exams!" admonished her mother.

"Oh mother — it's times like this that I'd like to stop school!"

About a month after this conversation had taken place, Christmas arrived. In the Watson family the Christmas celebration centred around the parcel from Major Watson who was fighting in France. This year, as always, it was opened with much glee and merry-making. As the others were exclaiming over their gifts, Mary was gazing with dismay at the ugly little half-locket which was supposed to be her present, it was in the shape of a semi-circle with a small rounded off part on the flat side, and had a chain attached. She was puzzling over this when her eyes fell upon a long note at the bottom of the box, it said:

Dear Mary,

I suppose you are wondering what this means. Well, I will explain.

Your recent letters have been so full of complaints about your lessons and school in general, that I decided that something must be done about it. So this is your present as well as the story that goes with it. The story is this.

Katrina de Borgmann was the daughter of a rich French Baron who was the head of the French Resistance Movement in their district. Katrina, who was just your age, wishing to do her share, also joined the resistance movement. Her job was to carry messages to and from her schoolmaster and her father. The schoolmaster was also very important in the movement. She would carry them in a secret compartment in a locket of which you now have one half. This went on for a year or so until one day the Nazis got suspicious. A former member confirmed their sus-

picious after a little rough persuasion and a trap was set at the schoolmaster's home where Katrina was dutifully learning her lessons in case that her comings and goings were being observed. As well as Katrina, the schoolmaster had other "students" who were there for more reasons than to learn their lessons. The Nazis, ruthless as ever, finding the schoolmaster's class nice and large — raided it and Katrina and many other loyal Frenchmen were caught and executed. The locket which you have is, as I said, half of the original. The bullet went through the centre. So died another for the freedom of France. The Baron, mercifully, was able to retrieve the bodies for a decent burial. He had the locket halved — part for himself and part for his wife. Later when he too, was shot, Madame wished me to send you the other half, because of your being the same age as her only child.

Well my dear—I hope the bravery behind this locket will encourage you to do better in your studies.

A Merry Christmas to you all.

As Mary finished the letter there were tears in her eyes.

"Mother, I'm going to win the Proficiency Prize — I know I can now!" she said as she fastened the locket around her neck.

DIANA MORTON,
Gr. X, Garry House.



RUNA

Hark! Was that the key I heard? I must hurry back to my hiding place in the flour barrel. Flour barrel, you may ask? That's what I said, — flour barrel. You see, I'm a big black spider. My name is Runa. I inhabit the very tiniest corner of the flour barrel in Mr. Jones' grocery store. That was Mr. Jones himself who just turned the key in the door. Won't you come and visit me today? I'll introduce you to my friends.

First, let me tell you about the store. It is in a little country village, a few miles from the big city. The outside of

the building is in a sad state of repair and badly in need of a coat of paint. There are soft drink signs, tea signs, and almost every sort of sign nailed to the walls. Over the door hangs a mutilated sign that when one really studies it, reads "Jones' Grocery."

Inside, the floor boards are badly worn. A few boxes have been turned upside down for chairs. The counter, which runs parallel to the front wall, is cut with the initials of almost everyone in town. To the right of the door as you entered, stands the telephone. Ah yes, that wonderful instrument the telephone!

Mr. Jones hustled into the store as only Mr. Jones can hustle. He was a plump little man, with a smiling round face and a bright shiny bald spot on the top of his head. Mr. Jones went into the back room and took off his coat and hat. He tied on his big white apron — it was big of course, because to go around Mr. Jones it had to be big.

The telephone jangled angrily from its position on the wall.

"Coming, coming!" called Mr. Jones. "Hello" he said, in his bright cheerful way. "Yes, Mrs. Smith, No, Mrs. Smith, Ye— No—alright Mrs. Smith, Yes, Mrs. Smith, Yes, I'll send it over as soon as Tom co—Yes, Mrs. Smith, No, Mrs. Smith. No trouble at all, Goodbye Mrs. Smith."

"Whew," sighed Mr. Jones. "All that over a cake of soap." Mrs. Smith was rather a particular person who wanted everything just right.

At ten o'clock, Tom came in. He was Mr. Jones' helper. With him came the mailman.

"Morning Mr. Jones."

"Morning yourself. Late aren't you? asked Mr. Jones looking at his watch.

"A little perhaps. Mrs. Mitchell got hold of me, and once you start talking to her, you just can't get away. Here's the mail. So long!" and away went the mailman.

Mr. Jones started sorting out the mail into the little slots. Besides being the grocery store for the village, Jones' Grocery was also the Post Office.

A sudden tooting of a horn was audible and Mr. Jones went outside to fill the gas tank of the waiting car. That accomplished he returned to sorting out the mail.

It wasn't long before the store was filled with people waiting for their mail. Suddenly, what sounded like a stampede was heard. Don't get alarmed dear friends, it is only the school children coming to buy soda pop, milk and chocolate bars to have with their lunch.

Around one o'clock, the store quieted down and Mr. Jones picked up the newspaper. It was three weeks old, but that didn't matter to Mr. Jones. He was busily reading the stock quotations when the telephone rang noisily, breaking his reverie. Mr. Jones rose slowly to his feet, laid the newspaper down, and said to Tom.

"Tom, take a cake of Luxurious Wonder Cream Skin Soap over to Mrs. Smith. She phoned for it this morning." "Hello! Yes, this is Jones Grocery. No, I'm sorry, we don't have any today, thank you!" Mr. Jones hung up the receiver and picked up his newspaper again.

"Hm! Four o'clock already," mused Mr. Jones as the stampede of running feet and children's voices could be heard in the distance. In a few minutes, the store was filled with tiny tots and some that were not so tiny.

Tom was back now. Tom was a very good friend of mine. He knew my secret living quarters and took care of me.

It was getting close to five-thirty now, and it wouldn't be long until the men came in to pick up their mail and the family groceries.

At ten after six, Mr. Jones drew the blind across the window, took off his large apron, put on his coat and hat, snapped out the light, turned the key in the door, and left me to my solitude.

ANNIE LOU ORMISTON,

Grade X, York House.

RUNA

Lynne waited patiently outside the operating room. What would happen to her small child? Runa was only a baby. She had so much to live for, and yet here she was in the midst of a serious brain operation. A little child of four, all alone, in there! How lovely Lynne was. Silently she got up from her chair and started pacing the floor. She toyed with her small purse as she prayed over and over again.

"Lord, don't let her die,—please?" All this had happened so suddenly! Why only yesterday she and Jack had played hide and seek with Runa and now —

"O God," she prayed again, "Please let us have those glad times together again."

She felt a strong arm around her waist. Her tear-stained face looked up and she saw the grave, handsome face of her husband looking down upon her.

"Oh Jack, what's going to happen to our little girl," she sobbed as she placed herself in his strong arms.

"Steady Lynne, honey. Runa is going to be all right. This isn't in our hands dear, and we must have faith." Jack choked back the tears because even he had little hope for his tiny daughter.

Yesterday Runa had been playing upstairs with her toys while her cheerful mother hummed a tune in the kitchen. Lynne was preparing the dinner and knew as she stirred the chocolate pudding that it would be a treat for Jack and Runa. They didn't often have chocolate pudding for the simple reason she wasn't particularly fond of it. Five o'clock! Jack would be home soon and Runa must eat at five-thirty on the dot so she could play with her Daddy till six-thirty, when they had their dinner. Lynne was a very capable woman and always had everything very well organized. Five-thirty arrived and she went to the head of the stairs and called her small daughter.

"Runa darling, wash your hands like a good girl and come for dinner."

"Yes Mummy," came a little voice from upstairs.

Lynne dished out Runas' dinner and put it on the table. As she turned around a little dark haired girl entered the kitchen with her hands outstretched for careful inspection.

"Fine," said her mother with a smile. Runa ate her dinner quickly and was finished just before her Daddy arrived. The two ladies met the man of the house at the door. He kissed his little girl and his wife, took off his coat and hat, and strolled into the living-room where he sat down in the big easy chair. Runa was on his lap in the next minute. In a few minutes the family was engrossed in hide n' seek while the dinner waited patiently on the stove. Finally Lynne called the game to a stop.

"Runa," she said, "How would you like to go upstairs and get Daddy's slippers while I get our dinner on the table? Daddy will just have time to read the comics."

Runa tore up the stairs, she loved to please her Daddy. In a great hurry she opened the closet door, grabbed the slippers and forgot about the loose carpet on the stairway.

Then came the fall! That terrible scream which brought both father and mother to the stairs. Their little child lay unconscious at the bottom of the stairs. The next few minutes the two lived in complete agony. The little black curls were covered with blood. Why wouldn't she say anything, or even cry? Was she going to die?

"Only an operation can possibly save this child. Its much too hard to explain to you what kind of a brain operation it will take, but please, for her sake, let me have permission," pleaded the frowning doctor.

Well that was last night and all this came back to Jack and Lynne as they stood outside the operating room.

The door opened. A man in a white suit of clothes proceeded to come toward them. His brow was covered with

tiny drops of perspiration, Lynne and Jack held each other's hand tightly and sent one final plea to their God in whom they trusted.

"Your daughter will live" he said. "I didn't think she would ever pull through, but she did. I think something more than my medical knowledge and skill has brought your daughter through this. She is coming out of the anaesthetic, you may go in and see her now."

Jack and Lynne had tears in their eyes as they stooped over their little girl. They were as thankful as any two people could be.

Runa spoke in a sleepy tone after some moments. "Daddy . . . I . . . forgot to give you your slippers . . . I'm sorry."

Then she fell asleep again knowing that two people who loved her stood over her guarding her from all harm.

JANET BLEEKS,

Gr. X, Nelson House.



RUNA

I am a detective. I'd like to tell you about one of the strangest cases we've ever had. It concerns a girl named "Runa." I'll start right from the beginning so that every element will be clear to you.

Last week the chief called me into his office and told me about this girl who had been missing for two days. It was my job to find her.

Runa worked in Larson's department store so naturally I interviewed Mr. Larson first. Apparently, he had been very fond of her and was most upset over her disappearance.

Mr. Larson, to me, was certainly not fit to be the head of a department store. I'm sure a six year old child had more mental ability than he did. He was so upset and nervous that I suggested he should consult a doctor right away. He could remember nothing about the girl except what her outward appearance was.

So I left the department store with the knowledge that Runa was a beauti-

ful blond, slim figure and about five feet eight inches tall. I was supposed to find Runa!

But I also learned that the room in which Runa had been working had a fire in it the very same day Runa disappeared. Immediately this conclusion jumped to my mind. Runa had been burned to death in the fire.

I was wrong. Every living person had been able to escape from that room. There had been no trace of any body in or outside of that room after the fire. Only the furnishings had been demolished in the flames.

The next day some startling news reached me. Mr. Larson was found to be mentally ill. He had been taken to the hospital immediately and I was forbidden to question him any further.

Next, I asked the other employees about Runa but they had never heard of anyone working there by that name. As a last hope I asked the cleaning woman if she knew anything at all about Runa.

The cleaning woman! Why hadn't I thought of her before? Of course, she knew all about Runa. Hadn't she often heard Mr. Larson talking to Runa after the store had closed?

Yes friends, it was through this simple old lady that one of the most baffling cases in history has been solved.

Runa, was Mr. Larson's favourite wax dummy!

CARLA STEWART,

Gr. X, Nelson House.



HOUSE OR HOME

There is a vast difference between a house and a home. When I hear the word home, immediately familiar pictures flash through my mind. However, this is not so, when I hear the word house. There is no picture of my bedroom, cluttered with well known articles. There is no Mother in a large blue apron and a little misplaced flour on the tip of her nose, taking a pan of freshly baked shortbread from the

oven. There are no school books thrown rather nonchalantly on the kitchen table, waiting patiently until I come and do my homework. There is no squeak of Dad's rocking chair as he rocks to an fro (wearing out Mother's new rug) while engrossed in his favorite magazine. There is no one sitting at the piano (with his legs entwined around the legs of the piano bench) playing a melancholy love song. There is no black and white dog snugly curled up before the warmth of the fire place, heaving every while a sigh of sheer contentment. No, there are none of these scenes in a house, but there are in a home.

RUTH ANDERSON,

Gr. XI, Garry House.



A HIE'LAND VILLAGE

Did you ever wonder what a highland village is like? Scotland as I know it, is one of the most beautiful countries in the whole world. I hope this is not a prejudiced remark due to my ancestral background, but truly I have never seen more gorgeous countryside to surpass, shall I say, the county of Ross-shire in which Ardgay is situated.

I will never forget my first impression of the village of Ardgay, where we were to spend seven weeks of our delightful vacation. A branch of the great sea swept up and on past Ardgay bringing its roaring waves along with it. Mountains minute compared to the Canadian Rockies, stretched proudly back from the shore as far as the eye could see. Patch-quilt farms, highland cattle and sheep, white-washed farmsteads, and a stately castle in the distance gave me a true picture of the Scottish highlands. Only a few stores and a very few houses comprised the village. From Inverness the motor drive was lovely and here we were, coming to a halt in front of an old stone house, the front of which was covered with creeping vines. I rushed up the stone steps into the rose garden. I turned

around and around; I then stood amazed. Was it real? How could anywhere be so peaceful and filled with beauty?

The first morning in Ardgay I was awakened by the sunlight streaming on my face. Getting up I crossed to the window. The sun shone brightly on the blue water; the wind shook the tiny green leaves, and far up the Kyle of Sutherland two fishermen were beginning their day's task in a tiny river which emptied into this branch of the sea. After enjoying a wholesome Scottish breakfast I bicycled about and stopped to talk to several of the villagers. It seemed like reading a book listening to these characters converse with one another. The shepherds carried staffs and the gentlemen wore plus-fores or kilts. There seemed to be no hurry in life, everything just happened when it did, and no one worried about a thing. It is miraculous for us to understand what an easy existence those people seem to lead.

Bicycles, travelling from village to village, would cycle by with their knap sacks on their backs; buses with touring parties and motor cars would hasten through the village community. There was no noise of the city. Faithfully on Sundays the church bells tolled. Village spirit was shown when the pipers played in the square and all the lassies and lads joined in a gay hie'land dance. Such a friendly atmosphere was created. Yes, this was certainly the perfect way to live.

Picturesque motor drives, sheep-sales, garden fetes, salmon fishing, concerts and church activities built up a life of variety and interest. The beauty of the countryside was definitely in a class of its own. Never, never shall I forget the quaint highland village of Ardgay.

CECILY ANN GUNN,

Gr. XI, Garry Hall.

CHRISTMAS DAY

It was Christmas morning. The light of a new day was making its way in through my slightly frosted window bringing forth the exquisite design Jack Frost had left there during the night.

As I lay in my warm comfortable bed searching my mind in vain for a suitable title to Mr. Frost's masterpiece, I felt different in some undiscrible way. Then I realized why and I smiled to myself. Today was Christmas.

Looking out of the window I could see big fluffy snow flakes falling slowly downward to become part of the white blanket which covered the earth. I heard the joyous chirping of birds which was intermingled by the sound of a bell in the distance, chiming the ever beloved Christmas carol, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful." Everything seemed more wondrous on this birthday of the Christ.

I lay there a while longer, lulled in a feeling of joy and ecstasy. I wondered a bit anxiously if Mother and Dad would like what I had chosen for them. It is so nice to see all the expressions of pleasure and hear the cries of delight when the gifts you have given are opened. (I will admit quite frankly too, that the parcels addressed to me had more than a little to do with my cheerful mood).

Then I turned to more serious thinking. Christmas Day shouldn't be the only day in the year when looks of pleasure and happiness radiate from people's faces because of something you've done for them. Why everyday of the year we have a countless number of opportunities to continue the Christmas spirit of giving.

A smile, a kind word, a thoughtful deed — these are more precious and lasting than any Christmas presents no matter how marvellous they may be. And far more wonderful still is the fact that gifts such as smiles, kind words, thoughtful deeds, are not limited to be given only to your friends.

There is the tired clerk in the de-

partment store, the bus driver, the elevator girl — to all those politeness and consideration are gifts which each one of us may give if we so desire. Not many people realize that every individual on earth is given freely, an unexhaustable supply of these everyday presents, which if given as freely as God gave them to us, would help create a much happier world in which to live.

Later, as I slowly descended the stairs to breakfast, I made a New Year's resolution a little in advance — from this day forth, everyday will be CHRISTMAS DAY for me.

RUTH ANDERSON,

Gr. XI, Garry House.



"PARADISE" LOST OR FOUND?

An article I read recently in a well-known magazine has prompted me to write this essay. This article read, and I quote, "Come to Elko County, Nevada, the Paradise of the West."

Although the Polar Bear Club of Elko County, whose members delight in chopping holes in the ice and then jumping into the winter-chilled water for a refreshing dip, might consider Elko County as having an ideal winter climate, I strongly advise anybody who is contemplating migrating to this "Paradise" to about face and go the other way.

The lowest temperature recorded at Carlin, in Elko County, last January, was fifty-seven degrees below zero, which must have made even Carlin's residents feel somewhat chilly. The snow fell in such unbelievable quantities that the sheep and cattle died by the thousands, and those which survived, were saved from starvation through the actions of the Federal Government who promptly organized the now well known "Hay Lift."

The summers in Elko County prove to be just as hot as the winters are cold. Although during the cold weather you

find yourself wishing for the heat of summer, when it comes, you find yourself again wishing, but this time for the winter. Motorists, intending to traverse the back roads of the country during the hot dry season, are officially advised to take along an extra supply of water with them. One man, who ignored this official warning, was found, several days later, dead beside his stalled car. In summer, a hitchhiker would most probably die from sun stroke or thirst waiting for a motorist to come along, whereas in winter, he would quickly freeze to death.

The residents of Elko County maintain that they live in one of the happiest and most prosperous localities in the United States. Oh yes, they are prosperous alright, thanks to the white-faced Hereford cattle they raise there, and the present high price of beef. Sheep also add greatly to the wealth of the county, but it must be true that sheep and cattle have no sense, otherwise they would leave.

Important business in Elko County is transacted in the bar rooms and lobbies of its hotels, and a memo on a hotel letter head or even a scribbled note on a paper napkin is often the only record of a deal involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Every community has its good points, and here the atmosphere of mutual trust is an accepted fact. Social snobbery is non-existent and it is practically impossible to tell a millionaire rancher from his hired help.

Yes, the residents of Elko County may be quite proud of their community, but my idea of "Paradise" does not include such a wide variance in climatic conditions.

DIANE JOHNSON,

Gr. XI, York House.



THE STRANGEST DREAM

The scene was London, England. It was a delightful summer day; everything seemed to sparkle — the water of the Thames, the lion statues in Tra-

falgar Square, the Rolls-Royce as it sped by, and even the golden hairs on my mother's head. The whole picture was alive.

Well, I suppose it isn't fair to me just to tell you the setting and not the circumstances but it is difficult to know where to begin. It all happened like this — My mother and I were walking towards the Canadian Pacific Railway office on Trafalgar Square. We opened the door; there was a hub-bub of voices as a young man came forward and asked what we wished. We explained that we would like to see Mr. Patteson. The clerk murmured, "Do you know who he is?" Yes, was our answer. The next minute it seemed, we were standing in the palatial office of the general manager of all Europe. A very corpulent, cheery, business-like gentleman shook hands with mother.

We both liked Mr. Patteson at once and he made us feel so welcome. Mr. Patteson and mother chatted about mutual acquaintances and then unexpectedly mention was made of the Queen. "The Queen," I stammered. I think he was joking to the effect that the Queen and he were both getting too fat! Then the conversation continued on the subject of royalty, and Mr. Patteson said something about royal garden parties held during the time we were to be in London. He phoned some official and inquired. The reply was, "One party is to be given on July 10, at Buckingham Palace." Those golden words! Mr. Patteson would see that we received invitations.

I was living in another world! Life was really worthwhile after all. My heart was pounding as we stepped out of the office, and I didn't even notice the rushing crowd which filled the streets.

The eventful day crept closer; the hour and finally the minute of departure from the hotel arrived. A taxi drove us to the Palace and oh, it was such a beautiful feeling to drive in through those distinguished gates! The setting was unforgettable. All the pretty hats with feathers floating in the

breeze, the flags draped on the gates, the lilt of the English accent — it was all perfect but best of all — the Queen. She was indescribably lovely. Then there was the pretty Duchess of Kent in her pale blue silk, and navy-blue straw hat. We were introduced to her and she spoke so sweetly. Later I was standing behind her when she was conversing with Princess Margaret. I was brimming with delight when suddenly — oh, how ashamed I felt, I had stepped on the train of the Duchess' gown. She turned to say that it was nothing at all, when I saw the gleam of devilment in Margaret's eyes.

But I awoke! Yes, it had all been a dream.

CECILY ANN GUNN,
Gr. XI, Garry House.



MODERN ART

Two weeks ago, I was invited to visit the art gallery to view some paintings by modern masters. Entering the art section of the Winnipeg Auditorium, I was at once confronted by a marvellous painting of a general of the Mid-Victorian Era mounted on a white charger. The immensity of the picture and the contrast between the white charger and the subtle tones of the background struck me with awe. However, this was not a modern painting which undoubtedly accounted for the fact that I derived pleasure from gazing upon it.

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The object of the modern art display, I was given to understand, was to compare the drab, dead, depressive paintings of the old masters with the bold, brazen, bright-coloured efforts of the so-called modern masters. How anyone can possibly prefer hanging a painting in one's room of a man with a boil on his nose to the hanging of da Vinci's Mona Lisa, I don't quite know. In fact, I firmly believe that the drawings of my six-year-old cousin show more inclination to be artistic than a jigsaw-puzzle painting of a man whose eyes, ears, legs, and arms you find scattered throughout the picture in every place except where they should be.

The art of painting, I am afraid, is rapidly degenerating. Recently, I read in a British paper a story of a young artist who had one of his modern paintings on exhibition in a London Art Gallery. He was rather amazed when everyone including the critics praised it highly and he decided to visit the gallery himself. There he found that the painting had actually been hung upside down and rather than disappoint his public he decided to let it remain that way.

This article at the time seemed to me to be absurd, but after viewing the display of modern paintings at the art gallery I am afraid that my aesthetic appreciation of art will soon vanish.

Modernism stresses the theory that a good painting must be a creative piece of work, and do more than try to rival a colour photograph, but a great painter, like any artist, is one who creates beauty. He succeeds only if he enables the spectator to share in the emotion, be it joy or sorrow, which he felt while working on the picture. This is not just a matter of a clever craftsman or a beautiful colorist. A true artist must have a deep inner conviction which he is able to impart to others.

DIANE JOHNSON,
Gr. XI, York House.

HUMOR

Miss Shepley: Run up the blind, Audrey.

Audrey: I'm no squirrel.

* * *

Miss Carter: Caesar.

Roberta: (seeing Helen about to skip class)—I've got her.

* * *

Miss Hepworth: What is a polygon?

Margaret: A dead Parrot.

* * *

"Now, I want Tommy to have a modern, up-to-date education," said his mother, "including Latin."

"But Latin is a dead language," said the principal.

"Well all the better, Tommy is going to be an undertaker."

* * *

First Fly: (on biscuit box) What's the rush?

Second Fly: Can't you read? It says, "Tear along this line."

* * *

Betty Anne: What have you been doing all summer?

Helen: I had a position in my father's office.

Betty Anne: I wasn't working either.

* * *

Mrs. Little: Algebraic symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

* * *

Nora Anne: The future of "I give" is "you take."

* * *

Proud Mother: "Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months old."

Bored Visitor: "Really! He must be awfully tired."

* * *

Cecily Ann: "Well, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Joanne: "I'd get a shoe shine."

Miss Shepley: "What is the formula for water?"

Cathy: "H I J K L M N O."

Miss Shepley: "What do you mean?"

Cathy: "Why, you said it was H to O."

* * *

Carol: "What are you drawing, Gail?"

Gail: "A horse and wagon."

Carol: "I see the horse, but where is the wagon?"

Gail: "Oh, the horse has to draw that."

* * *

The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the moment you are born, and never stops until you stand up to speak in public.

* * *

From a theatre ad: "Cast-off Broadway players will be featured."

* * *

Abraham Lincoln: Tact is the ability to describe others as they see themselves.

* * *

Mr. Blank was once boasting of his musical ability. "When I was a boy," he said impressively, "our town was hit by a flood. My father hopped onto a bed and floated downstream to safety."

"What has that to do with your musical ability?"

"Well, explained Mr. Blank, "I accompanied him on the piano."

* * *

Mrs. Blundell: "I'm going to take you to a show."

Elizabeth: I want to go to "My Friend Irma."

Mrs. Blundell: "Where does your friend Irma live?"

* * *

Nancy Eaton: (Practising writing on the blackboard) "You're lucky Mrs. Little, you don't have to do a speck of work."

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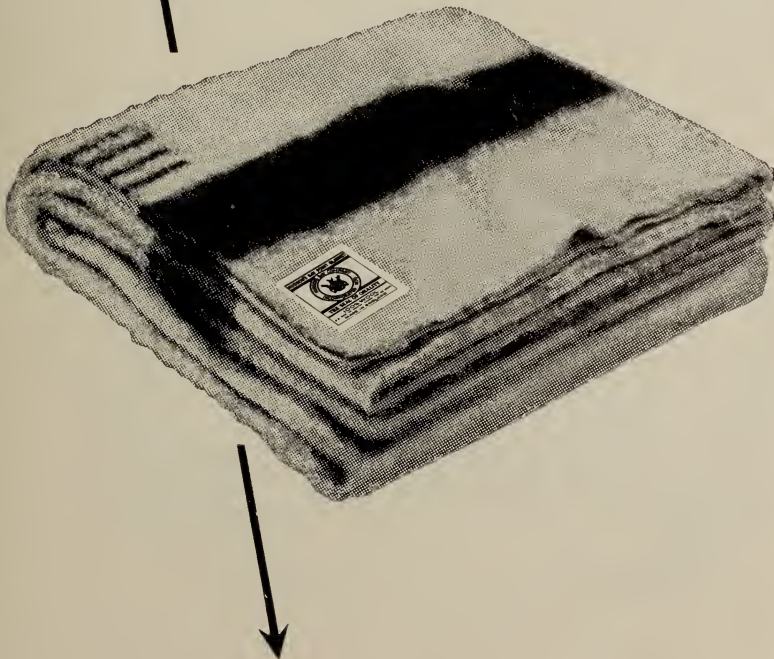
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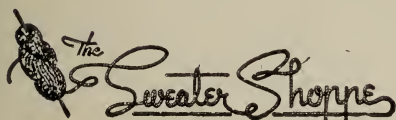
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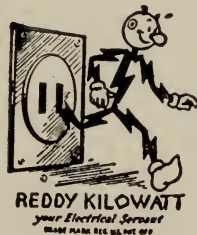


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